

REVERIES
of a
DRUMMER

WILLIAM WALTER SHAW

To my dear friends Blue
Pence Family
By the author's wife
Mrs. Wm W. Shaw



REVERIES OF A DRUMMER



Wm Walter Shaw

REVERIES of a DRUMMER

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

WILLIAM WALTER SHAW

WITH DRAWINGS

BY

ADDISON JOHNSON



LOS ANGELES

SIXTH AVENUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

Copyright 1926, by
WILLIAM WALTER SHAW
All Rights Reserved

Type Work
BY THE AUTHOR

Press of
THE LOS ANGELES LITHOGRAPH CO.

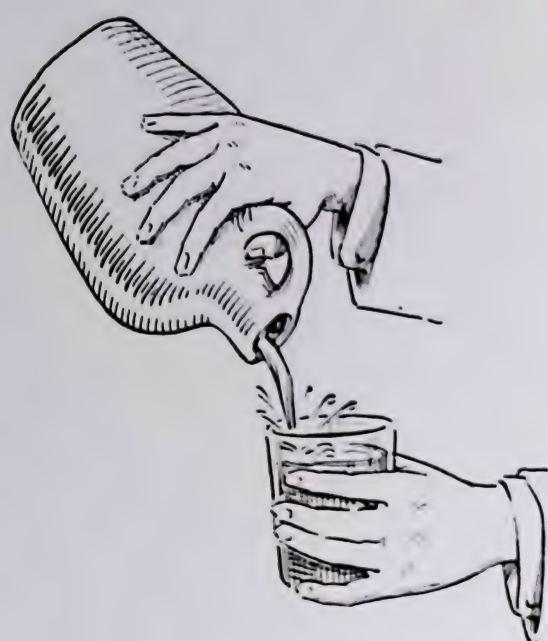
THESE VERSES

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THAT
BAND OF CHEERFUL WORKERS WHO FORM
THE ADVANCE GUARD OF COMMERCE, CARRY-
ING OPTIMISM AND GLADNESS INTO EVERY
CORNER OF OUR GREAT LAND, MAKING BRIGHT
THE DARK SPOTS IN LIFE, AND SPREADING
SUNSHINE AND HAPPINESS WHEREVER THEY
GO, THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OF AMERICA.



The Drummer

*He knows the time of every train,
He knows the best hotel
In every town from Bangor, Maine,
To San Diego, Cal.
He greets each clerk as Jim or Jess,
He knows which merchants pay;
In fact, he is a business
En - cy - clo - pe - di - a.*



CONTENTS

	PAGE
ACCEPTED	36
BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS, THE	156
CHAMPION OPTIMISTS, THE	126
CONSTANCY	199
DERELICT, THE	121
DESERTER, THE	42
DO N'T	120
DRUMMER, THE	48
DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL, THE	25
DRUMMER'S PRAYER, THE	72
DUAL PERSONALITY, A	174
FERRY, THE	163
GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN, THE	164
GOLDEN KEY, THE	144
HAD WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD	60
HE WANTED HIS HONEY	37
HIS NAME WAS DENNIS	35
HOME OF CHILDHOOD	62
HOW THE GAME WAS WON	78
INSCRIPTION	86
JUST A MATTER OF TASTE	198
LOVE'S LABOR LOST	102
MARY'S LAMB	173
MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT	146
MY DREAM	67

CONTENTS—*Continued*

	PAGE
NECKTIE SOCIAL, THE.....	104
PASSING OF JACKY SPRAT, THE.....	162
PASSING RACE, THE.....	186
PATCHWORK QUILT, THE.....	188
PICCANINNY'S PLAINT, THE.....	98
REFORMER, THE.....	181
RETROSPECTION.....	133
SESQUI-CENTENNIAL, THE.....	176
SINCE WILLIE DIED.....	131
SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER.....	91
TELL ME YOUR LOVE.....	74
TEST IN HYPNOTISM, A.....	31
THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER.....	50
TO A FRIEND BACK EAST.....	118
UNCHANGING.....	85
WANDERER, THE.....	89
WHAT IS YOUR LINE?.....	43
WOMAN'S ANSWER, A.....	139
WORST IS YET TO COME, THE.....	77

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.....	FRONTISPIECE
A ROCKY COAST	22
THE IRON HORSE EMITS A SHRIEK	25
AS BILLY SCANS THE CHERISHED LINES	27
DOLLY'S PRAYER.....	30
A SPRITE SHE LOOKED	31
A TEST IN HYPNOTISM.....	33
THE SALESMAN DOFFED HIS TILE	35
DAME HILL	37
HE WANTED HIS HONEY.....	39
BOY AND CHICKENS—TAILPIECE.....	41
HE DISCERNED OLD PETER.....	4
HE TAKES A LOOK AT MY MILEAGE BOOK.....	4
WHO IS IT PASSES OUT THE SMOKES?	4
WHO GREET'S HIS WIFE WITH FOND EMBRACE?.....	49
FROZEN OVER WAS THE CREEK.....	50
WE COASTED BELLY-BUMPERS DOWN THE SNOWY HILL.....	51
THE THANKSGIVING FEAST.....	57
THE FJORD—HEADPIECE.....	60
A CABIN NOW GONE TO DECAY.....	62
BARE LITTLE FEET SPLASHED IN ITS SILVERY SHEEN.....	63
BLEATING LAMBS ON THE LEA.....	66
WINDS BLEW FAIR ACROSS THE CRYSTAL SEA	67
YOUR LIPS TO MINE, MY HEART TO YOURS.....	69
IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO.....	75

ILLUSTRATIONS—*Continued*

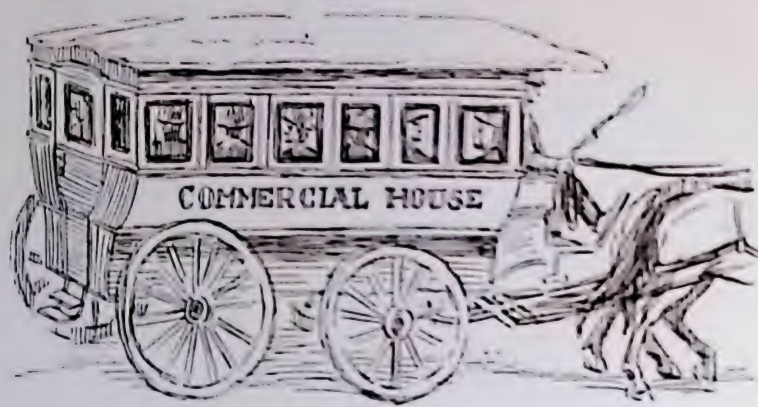
	PAGE
HOW THE GAME WAS WON	78
THE BRAVES AT BAT	81
LAKE LOUISE—HEADPIECE	85
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR—PORTRAIT	87
LIFE WAS DREAR AND SOBER-FACED	91
SHE USED TO PRAY	93
SUNSHINE ROBES A LITTLE MOUND WITH GREEN	97
LAY YU' HAID ON MAMMY'S BOSOM	99
THE PICCANINNY'S PLAINT	101
THE RUSTIC BRIDGE—HEADPIECE	104
SIMPKINS CHURCH	105
PHILANDER HAPPENED IN THE STORE	111
THE SCRAP	115
WHERE THE ICY BREEZES BLOW	118
THE DERELICT	121
COME DASHING DOWN SO BLITHE AND FREE	123
SAIL THE AGES THROUGH WITH ME	125
YOU'RE GETTING ALONG MIGHTY FAST	129
THE LEAVES ARE FADED OVERHEAD	131
I HIE ME TO A LONELY MOUND	132
THOSE DAYS FAR TOO HAPPY TO LAST	133
I SIT ALL ALONE IN MY ROOM, DEAR	135
GEUDA LAKE—TAILPIECE	138
THE BLUFF—HEADPIECE	139
LOVE IS ALL THERE IS OF WOMAN	141

ILLUSTRATIONS—*Continued*

	PAGE
THE FALLS—HEADPIECE.....	144
I AWOKE WITH A START	145
SANTA SMILED WITH DELIGHT.....	146
SANTA CLAUS DREW UP HIS REINDEER AND SLED	147
HER HEAD PILLOWED FAST IN THE LAP OF THE MAN.....	153
MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.....	155
ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH	156
HE REACHES THE SPIRE.....	159
I'LL WHISK YOU AWAY TO THE CHURCHYARD.....	164
LOUISA WAS NOW ALL EXCITEMENT.....	165
LOUISA WAS RUBBING HER PEEPERS.....	171
SPIRIT OF '76	177
SHE JUMPS IN HIS FLIVVER	183
I SMOKE MY PIPE OF PEACE TO ALL	186
THE BRIDGE—HEADPIECE	188
EMMY.....	189
THE PATCHWORK QUILT	195
THE STORMY SEA.....	199



REVERIES OF A DRUMMER





THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

THE Clyde accommodation is an hour or more past due ;
It should have reached Centropolis at seven, forty-two.
The hackmen doubtful stories swap, the porters wait around
Impatiently, while horses chafe their bits and paw the ground.

But, suddenly, borne out upon the crisp November air,
The iron horse emits a shriek, a wail of wild despair,
As 'round the bend the headlight's rays glow like the harvest-
moon

Emerging from behind a cloud to chase away the gloom.

THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

It approaches now the station; how the fiery demon reels;
Hear the chugging of the air-brakes and the grinding of the
wheels;

See its breath of inky blackness floating out upon the air
Like the freely loosened tresses of a gypsy maiden's hair.

There alights a crowd of drummers from the Central's smok-
ing-car,

Gaily bantering each other, and a jolly bunch they are
As they tax the narrow confines of the lumb'ring carry-all
Which has surely been constructed most uncomfortably small.

The journey to their hostelry requires the briefest space,

Where all are duly greeted by a jocund boniface

"With "Hello, Billy," "Hello, Dick," and "How's the Com-
modore?"

"Here, Front, be spry, and take these grips to number thirty-
four."

As Billy turns to register, "I wish you'd kindly see,"

Says he, "if there's a *billet-doux* that's waiting here for me."

Laconically he's tossed a note, perfumed and tinted pink,

The jolly landlord venturing, "From *your best girl*, I think."

As Billy scans the cherished lines, his face betrays his bliss,
And finishing, he gives to it a reverential kiss.

His friends, completely overcome with mirth are rendered silly;

"It is from *your best girl*," they shout, "now we must read it,
Billy."



As Billy scans the cherished lines, his face betrays his bliss



THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

"You're right, the letter was inscribed by *my best girl* to me,"
Says Billy, "and since guessing's good, to read it you are free,
For never daintier, sweeter note was penned since time began,
Than these transcendent words of love to cheer a trav'ling
man."

"No, no," they cry, "we only joked, we would n't be so rude;
In matters that affect the heart, we care not to intrude,
Nor interject ourselves into a lover's privacy;
Forgive us, Bill, we owe you, all, a meek apology."

But Bill insists she would n't care, and without more ado
He forces on his auditors the precious *billet-doux*.
The drummers gather 'round about to hear the letter read,
'With rapt attention, listening, and this is what it said:

"Dear Papa: Hope this reaches you and finds you safe and
well;
And wo'n't you hurry back to us? It seems an awful spell
Since you left home, and how I long to sit upon your knee,
And if my Papa was but here, how happy we would be.

"And when I say my prayers at night I ask the Lord to bless
And keep my Papa safe and sound and give to him success,
So he wo'n't have to travel more; oh, would n't that be jolly?
Accept a hug and kisses sweet. Your loving little *Dolly*."

THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

A silence reigns and every eye is moist, and here and there
A tear glistens on the cheek of faces browned and bare,
And many a lump in throats arise and threaten dire disaster,
While every drummer's pulses throb considerably faster.

And ere they seek their night's repose they make the welkin
ring;

They think of loved ones far away, and Dolly's praises sing,
And dreaming of a childish face, blue eyes and flaxen curl,
They all unite upon a toast to Billy Reed's *best girl*.





A TEST IN HYPNOTISM

O HE was just a traveling man, dropped in to spend an hour,
But straightway he began to boast of his hypnotic power;
The girls were anxious all to see his claims put to the test;
"Now, you must passive be," said he, "and I will do the rest."

He seated him direct in front a little maid so sweet;
Says he, "Now think of naught but me; together place your
feet.
Now, steady, look into my eyes." He stroked her forehead fair,
A sprite she looked, with dimpled cheeks and wavy auburn
hair.

A TEST IN HYPNOTISM

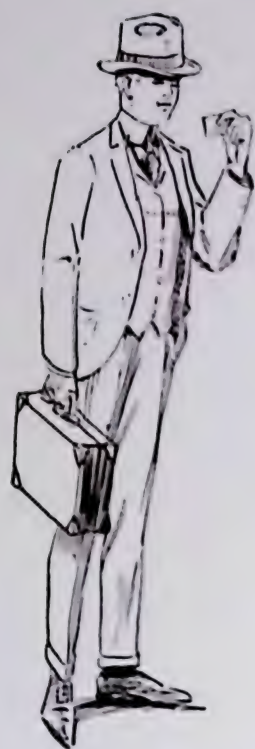
"Now, for a moment, close your eyes, forget that you exist."
Her ruby lips too tempting proved, how could the man resist?
He forward bent and snatched a kiss; she doubtless was
surprised,
And as the crowd set up a laugh, says he, "You're hypnotized!"

Of course, she angry seemed to be and mightily offended,
But on my honor, I believe her wrath was but pretended,
And if a chance could but be found when no one else was
present,
He might, I think, repeat the test and she would deem it
pleasant.





"Now, for a moment, close your eyes, forget that you exist"





HIS NAME WAS DENNIS

A DRUMMER, after orders, lightly tripped into a store
In a little country village, and he scarce had reached
the door,
When a coy but modest maiden approached him with a smile
And asked what she could show him; the salesman doffed
his tile,
And said he'd "see the buyer, if the buyer was at home."
She replied, "He's gone a fishing and has left me all alone."
"Will he be back this evening?" "No, he'll not return today."
The drummer looked perplexed at this, and as he moved away,
Muttered, "Well, then, my name's Dennis." "All right, all
right," quoth she,
"When he returns, I'll tell him Mr. Dennis called to see."

ACCEPTED

HE was anxious the question to pop,
But could never the courage command
When in the presence of sweet Louise
To ask for the fair one's hand.

But settle the matter he must,
So he stepped in a telephone booth,
He called up his sweetheart's residence,
Resolved upon knowing the truth.

He went at it straight and blunt:
"Will you marry me, dear Louise?"
She answered him, "Sure, I will;
Who is this talking, please?"



HE WANTED HIS HONEY

WHAT, never heerd o' Jimsontown? 'Wo'n't find it on the maps.

The south'n part o' our state you do n't travel much perhaps
Er you'd a heerd o' Jimsontown an' Mother Hill's hotel—
Most likely place fer drummers 'twixt here an' Evansville.

The railroad misses Jimsontown 'bout seven miles er so,
But it's easy stagin', Mister, an' wuth yer while to know
Dame Hill's good home-made dishes, "like mother use' to
make,"

An' fergit the tiresome query of "How'll yo' hev yo' steak?"

HE WANTED HIS HONEY

She raises all her chickens and the eggs are always fresh,
Her Domineckers faultless with plump and tender flesh;
Can't match her fresh churned butter and snow-white cottage
cheese,
And last, not least, she keeps a score o' hives o' honey bees.

Now, ef you was a trav'lin' man you'd surely know Lem Speer,
Who's traveled this here country roun' fer nigh on fifteen
year;
Well, Lem, like other drummers, was most powerfully stuck
On Dame Hill's Domineckers an' other table truck.

Particularly Lem was fond o' her nice clover honey,
And breakfast waffles without this, to Lem seemed somethin'
funny.
A right peart lookin' pair o' gals waits on the drummers'
table;
'Resist 'em, Mister, ef you can, but few of us are able.

Well, Lem he married t'other week, his sweetheart from
Mattoon
And left at once for Mother Hill's to spend his honeymoon,
Fer such a quiet, restful place don't nowheres else abound,
An' as fer eatin's, well, I guess its equal can't be found.



"Why, Mamie don't work here no more"



HE WANTED HIS HONEY

Well, sir, they come to breakfast fust mornin' they was there
An' the customary waffles was piled high in the air,
But much to Lem's amazement, with countenance so sunny,
The gal sot up a syrup jug instead o' clover honey.

"Why, Kitty, Kitty," Lemuel cried, the maple syrup scornin',
"I wish you'd tell me where can be my honey, this fine
mornin'?"

Now, Kitty, naterally shy, at sight o' Lemuel's bride
Was quite abashed and ventured up quite close ere she replied,
An' though she tried it *sotto voce*, the answer reached Lem's
wife :

"Why, Mamie do n't work here no more." Lem nearly lost
his life.



THE DESERTER

AND can it be indeed that I am left thus all alone,
Or is this but some fevered dream from which I soon
shalt wake ;

And am I ne'er again to hear the sympathetic tone
Of that dear voice that promised never, never to forsake ?
That voice whose every intonation full of love hadst grown
To me like sweetest music wafted o'er the distant lake.

Thy loving arms which oft hath clasped me in their fond
embrace,

While I, confiding, laid my head upon thy throbbing breast,
Delirious with the conscious love reflected from thy face ;

Oh, shalt thou never bid me there again my head to rest,
And dwelling on some sweet familiar word or thing, may trace
A longing to again possess the love thou once possessed ?

Ah, surely there wilt come a time when thou shalt realize

That Flattery's lips which now thy vanity doth satiate
Are but a hollow mockery, and shalt learn to prize

That thou hast left behind thee, and shalt seek to expiate
Her wrongs. God grant that when thou seekst for my sym-
pathies

To comfort thy repentant heart, it may not be too late !



WHAT IS YOUR LINE?

"WHAT is your line?" There comes that whine,
Till I'm tired of what I hear,
For it's asked a score of times or more
Each blessed day in the year.

I'm a drummer for coal, but upon the whole,
It's more than I can divine
Why each man I meet should forever greet
Me with, "Well, sir, what's your line?"

WHAT IS YOUR LINE?

Each train I take, with rage I shake,
As the conductor with face benign,
Takes a look at my mileage book
And asks, "What is your line?"

Wherever I go, I always know
That the waiter where I dine
Is sure to let slip, as he waits for his tip,
"Mistah, what is yah line?"

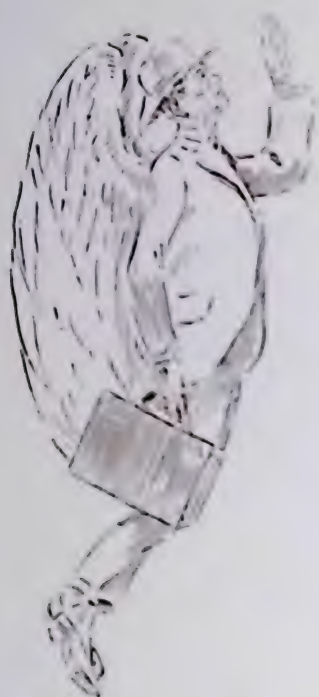
The hotel clerk gets in his work
As he shoves me the book to sign,
And assigns me a room as cold as the tomb,
Then asks, "What is your line?"

As the bootblacks stand with my hat in hand,
For their tip when I've had a shine,
I'm sure to hear, ere the door I clear:
"Mistah, what is yah line?"

I dreamed one night with a horrid fright
That my time had come to die,
And I made the trip with my little grip
To the mansions in the sky.



The conductor takes a look at my mileage book



WHAT IS YOUR LINE?

But at the gate I met my fate,
For I found the blamed thing locked,
I waited around and I pawed the ground
While I knocked, and knocked, and knocked.

At last it turned and I discerned
Old Peter inside the gate,
As he grinned at me, says he, "Let's see
Just what your papers state."

He looked them o'er and he grinned some more,
And the chills went down my spine;
"Oh, you're one, then, of those drummer men;
Tell me, what is your line?"

My legs grew weak, I could scarcely speak,
As I answered, "Coal," and I know
That he shook with glee as he beckoned to me,
And motioned me down below.



THE DRUMMER

WHO is it passes out the smokes
And tells his highly flavored jokes
To customers and other folks?
The Drummer.

Who is it fills the merchant's ear
With optimistic tales of cheer,
Then sells him goods to last a year?
The Drummer.

Who, on the train seeks for a seat
Beside the girl who looks so neat
And fills her head with nonsense sweet?
The Drummer.

THE DRUMMER

Who holds her hand with wistful look,
Gains her address by hook or crook
And notes it in his little book?

The Drummer.

Who's ever willing to be kissed?
Who's ready with a hand for whist,
Or lead in prayer if you insist?

The Drummer.

At end of trip, with saint-like face,
Who meets his wife with fond embrace
And tells her "Home's the only place?"

The Drummer.





THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

IT'S sort o' lonesome, ain't it, though today's Thanksgivin'
Day?

The stores are closed and business has all been laid away.
Few stragglers out this mornin', and they are scurryin' past,
All appearin' anxious to escape November's blast.
For the wind it is a whistlin' 'round the corner of the street,
Which lends acceleration to a feller's chilly feet.

Though Thanksgivin' Day brings little rest from labor's weary
grind,
Opportunity is given to employ a feller's mind,
And today I am contrastin' with this boardin'-house's feed
Thanksgivin' Day at mother's board, which was a feast indeed.



We coasted belly-bumpers down the icy snow-packed hill



THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

How well do I remember in the days of long ago,
In the little country village, 'bout a dozen miles or so
From the nearest point o' railroad, where the mail come
twic't a week;

And the big frame house we lived in near the bridge acrosst
the creek.

Where everybody in the town, I knew and they knew me,
And my heart was light, and sunshine seemed to reign
perpetu'ly.

'But the boys and girls I knew then are now the old folks, all,
Livin' quietly and peaceful like, a waitin' for their call;
Livin' close to nature and the soil and close to God,
As their fathers did before 'em, who are now beneath the sod

I remember well the kitchen with its tiny lights of glass
In the big old-fashioned windows, and the candlesticks of brass,
The wood-stove in one corner and the cupboard in the other;
The motto hangin' on the wall, "What is home without a
mother?"

The slabs of pumpkin dryin' as they hung alternately
With the strings of quartered Pippins from the fav'rite apple
tree.

Even now, I think, blindfolded, I could penetrate each room
From the attic's low hung rafters to the cellar's deepest gloom;
I could place my hands unaided on each picture on the wall,

THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

I could count each full blown dahlia on the paper in the hall,
I can see each whoppin' bedstead with its coverlet so bright,
And the trundle-bed a slidin' out from under every night.
But when I start to ruminate, you never know what's next,
And I find myself a wanderin' quite a distance from my text.

To my mother and my father, too, each holiday appealed;
You could feel Thanksgivin' in the air before our burns had
 healed
From the last Fourth's celebration. What a lot there was to do,
A gettin' things all ready; used to take a week or two.
There's the turkey must be fattened, and the pumpkins to
 inspect,
The squash and turnips chosen and the apples to select;
The mincemeat gotten ready with the same care as the rest;
Everything for that auspicious day must be the very best.

How the seasons have been changin' since those days of long
 ago;
Never came a green Thanksgivin', always had a coat of snow,
And the air was crisp and stingin', frozen over was the creek,
While the frost left brilliant colors painted on the nose and
 cheek.

How we took our sleds and scampered to the ridge above the
 mill
Where we coasted belly-bumpers down the icy snow-packed hill,
Until toes and fingers drove us to the house to thaw 'em out,

THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

And the savory odors floatin' from the kitchen made us shout.
Oh, that fragrance from the oven, 'twas enough to make us weak
When the baker door swung open and we got a little peek
Of that brownin' sizzlin' turkey, which my mother stooped to
 baste
With her spoon immersed in gravy and an apron 'round her
 waist.

After what seemed endless waitin' we were gathered 'round
 the board
With the table just a groanin' with the good things that were
 stored
On the spotless snowy linen; father with his beamin' face
Droppin' in the seat of honor; mother in her usual place
Just behind the teapot, smilin'; granny sittin' next to me;
All the children so impatient, fidgety as we could be.

"Now then, father," spoke my mother, and the good man
 bowed his head,
'Thankin' God for every favor, thankin' him for daily bread,
'Thankin' him for wife and loved ones, thankin' him for grace
 to bear
Such afflictions as had fallen to his lot; thus closed his prayer.
I remember seein' mother's tears course down her cheeks so
 white,
For she realized the journey's end for her was 'most in sight;
And she thought of two sweet cherubs who had journeyed on
 before
And were waitin' to receive her when she reached the other
 shore.

THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

How our eyes were set on father as he sliced away the breast,
Fillin' granny's plate with white meat, gravy, stuffin' and the
rest.

How he told his funny story, at such times you always heard
That a turkey was unhandy, awkwardest of any bird,
For it was almost too ample for one man to worry through
And it could n't be divided; there was scarce enough for two.
How we shook our sides with laughter though we'd heard it
oft before,

But we knew it tickled father, and that always called for more.

After all had stretched their waist-bands with as much as they
could hold

Then my father grew quite serious, and he said how he'd
been told

That in France 't was customary at each bountiful repast
For the host to kiss the cook, and so our pardon would be
asked

While he carried out the custom, *and he did it, too*, be sure,
While mother blushed quite prettily and hoped that it would
cure

Her chapped lips; and she ventured that she could safely say
A happier woman did n't live on that Thanksgivin' Day.

And later, after chores were done and the wind was whistlin'
wild,

I can see the blazin' fireplace into which the wood was piled;



After what seemed endless waitin', we were gathered 'round the board



THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

I can see the fam'ly gatherin' while the hickory nuts were
passed,
Followed closely by the cider, with the Rambo apples last.
I recall bear stories told us and I fell to wonderin' how
My father ever was so brave ; while mother smoothed my brow,
'Till father's voice grew weak and faint, and in my mother's lap
My head drooped lower on her breast, a tired little chap.

Just how I got undressed and in my little trundle-bed,
I never knew ; but mother's lips pressed kisses on my head
And thanked her Maker for the day so filled with peace and
joy,
And whispered as she stroked my hair, "God bless my little
boy."
'Tis many years since mother's hand has pressed my achin'
brow,
For in a brighter land than this, she's waitin' for me now ;
And when life's trials all are o'er, how great will be her joy
With outstretched arms to greet me with : "Here comes my
little boy."



HAD WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

OH, the misery and sorrow!
Oh, the suffering and woe!
Oh, the crosses that we borrow,
Just because we did n't know.
Galling yokes we might have lifted,
Deeds of spite replaced by good;
How the scenes we might have shifted
Had we only understood.

HAD WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

How the loftiest ambitions
Have been ruthlessly o'erthrown,
Just because the true conditions
Were n't understood and known.
How the hopes and aspirations,
But conceived for others' good,
Have but met with imprecations
As they've been misunderstood.

'When you've tried so hard to labor
For another's happiness
And expended on that neighbor
All the love that you possess,
Then to find that friend mistaken
And refuse your proffered hand,
Then you know that you're forsaken,
'Cause they did n't understand.

Oh, the loneliness and heartaches!
Oh, the bitterness and woe!
Oh, the cruel, cruel, heartbreaks,
Just because we did n't know.
When from scenes of earth we're shifted
To that brighter, better land,
And the veil beyond is lifted,
Then, at last, we'll understand.



HOME OF CHILDHOOD

I 'VE wandered back to the old farm house,
A cabin now gone to decay,
Though maybe uncouth, 't was the home of my youth,
And I'll cherish its mem'ry always.

Instead of the cabin in which I was born,
The owner now lives on the hill
With wealth at command, in a mansion grand,
And fashioned with consummate skill.



Bare little feet, browned with the heat, splashed in its silvery sheen



HOME OF CHILDHOOD

But give me the home of sweet babyhood,
The place where I had my birth,
With its mud-chinked walls and its chimney of spalls,
The loveliest spot on earth.

Oh, give me again the song of the birds,
The busy hum of the bee,
The lowing of kine in the distant pine,
And the bleating of lambs on the lea.

A sparkling stream from the spring so cool
Flowed down through the meadow green,
And bare little feet that were browned with the heat,
Splashed in its silvery sheen.

There little hearts were spotless and white,
And free from all sin and all stain,
They knew not of strife in the Ocean of Life,
They knew not of sorrow or pain.

Oh, innocent days of childhood's life!
As sweet as the flowers of May,
How often I yearn that I might return,
For oh, I have wandered away.

HOME OF CHILDHOOD

I have wandered this wide world o'er and o'er,
But have found no place half so fair
As the cabin of old, with its wealth untold
Of childhood's memories rare.

I know not of Heaven's location, exact,
But let me here venture as truth,
That the Home of the Just, for a certainty must
Be near to the home of my youth.





MY DREAM

LAST night I dreamed a heavenly dream,
I thought that you and I
Were dwellers on a fairy isle
Neath some enchanted sky,

And I was all the world to you
And you were all to me;
Alone we dwelt while winds blew fair
Across the crystal sea.

MY DREAM

Our lives were young, our hearts beat fast,
Your head lay on my breast,
Your hair was wafted in my face,
Your cheeks my hands caressed.

And when your lips with fragrance sweet
Met mine, the joyous bliss
Of all that's best in heaven and earth
Seemed melted in that kiss.

My eyes and mind oblivious were
To all things else but thee;
The world seemed slipping at our feet,
Lost was the emerald sea.

And caught up by a zephyr fair,
We sailed away in space,
As closely to my breast I held
You in a fond embrace.

* * * * *

Ah, hapless moment that should wake
Me from a dream so sweet,
And rudely bring me back to earth
From Love's divine retreat.



When your lips with fragrance sweet met mine



MY DREAM

And should I in the next world find
 Myself among the blest,
I'd fling away my harp and crown
 To be again possessed

For one brief day of all the joys
 That came to me last night;
I'd throw aside my spotless robe
 And downward take my flight,

To hold once more your slender form
 Against my throbbing breast,
Your lips to mine, my heart to yours,
 In infinite peace and rest.

And on celestial scenes I'd turn
 My back, and deem it well;
For life in Heaven, without *you*, Dear,
 Would prove the veriest hell!

THE DRUMMER'S PRAYER

LORD, look with a forgiving eye
Upon the buyer who must lie
About the prices others give,
When we know that they could n't live
And sell their goods at less than cost—
Do n't number him among the lost.

Do Thou, O Lord, forgive the gawk
On whom we've wasted hours of talk,
Then says to send by parcel post
A half a dozen (at the most)
Of dollar corsets like the last,
And though his last bill's due and past,
And notwithstanding his poor rating,
Insists on two months' extra dating.

Please curb our tendency to flirt
With all the girls; it does n't hurt,
When absent minded we forget
Our married state; be with us yet.

Forgive the *chefs* and landlords, too,
Who serve the leavings in a stew;
Our molars are a perfect wreck
From *filet* steaks cut from the neck.

THE DRUMMER'S PRAYER

Give us digestions like a goat,
To eat lamb old enough to vote;
And drink our coffee (this we beg)
Though strong enough to float an egg.

And may we nevermore complain
Of roller towels, though the stain
Of countless hands have left their grime.
And when in bed at night we climb,
Although inhabited they be,
So tough our hides, we ask of Thee,
That we may sleep the whole night through.
And Lord, may our employers view
Our last month's big expense account
With lenient eyes, and full amount
Of credit give; we need the kale.
And teach our wives they should n't fail
To not expect too much, for then
They know we're only traveling men.

And when our last trip we have made
And clods fall heavy from the spade,
Do n't send us to that hotter berth—
We've had enough of that on earth.

TELL ME YOUR LOVE

IF YOU love me, tell me so;
 (How our lives are fleeting)
If you love me, tell me so,
 Ere my heart stops beating.
If you love me, tell me so,
 Do not keep me guessing;
Reticence oft robs us of
 God's divinest blessing.

Just a little word may change
 Sadness into smiling;
Knowledge that we are beloved,
 Lonely hearts beguiling.
Dearest, do not wait until
 My hands are crossed above me;
Open *now* your heart to me—
 Tell me that you love me!



If you love me, tell me so



THE 'WORST IS YET TO COME

SOCIETY has been for months
The slave of most outlandish stunts;
The dances new are but a craze—
Forerunners of more evil days.
Just watch Dame Fashion try awhile
To kick her feet in tango style,
Or practice "bunny hugs" and what
Is more absurd, the "turkey trot."

If some composer should perchance
Make tunes to fit St. Vitus dance,
You'd find it would be all the rage,
And these same fools would then engage
A tunester to prepare an air
To fit the stringhalt, and would dare
To try upon some slight pretext,
Ataxia locomotor next.

Written in 1909 when these dances were popular.



HOW THE GAME WAS WON

MY SON, John Percival McCline
Is captain of a baseball nine ;
The club is dubbed Coshocton Braves,
Who hoped to send to early graves
The chances of contending teams
And thus fulfill their cherished dreams.

Though, as one howling grand success,
They disappoint me, I'll confess ;
In fact, I'm sorry to admit,
Consistently they've managed it
To stand right at the column's foot,
And e'en the Roscoe Cubs have put
It over them in every game,
And Dresden's bunch has done the same.

HOW THE GAME WAS WON

“Why, even little Chili’s Dutch
Has beat ’em, and that’s saying much.

“When this came to my ears, thought I,
’T is time to learn the reason why;
And into counsel John would call
And find out why such rotten ball
“Was being played by one and all.

“Now, John,” quoth I, “what ails your team?
They’re dead ones, all, so it would seem;
They tell me any old scrub nine
Can trim you up and do it fine;
You’d better try ’em at ping-pong;
What’s wrong, my son, what’s wrong, what’s wrong?”

Then John told me a tale that caused
The light to shine, and ere he paused,
I knew just where the trouble lay;
He lacked equipment for the play.

I gathered that some eyes were blacked
For want of masks which they had lacked;
I understood that balls oft hit
The catcher in the stomach’s pit,
“Which rendered him for work unfit.

HOW THE GAME WAS WON

And then across my mind there came
The disappearance of the same
Hot water bottle of my wife's
At divers times, and on my life's
Account, till then I never guessed
The truth of what was now confessed.

For unaccountable, the loss
Of three porch cushions filled with moss
Had been till now, but bases had
To be provided, so the lad
Had yanked 'em to the diamond, and
Had filled the cushions full of sand.

It soon developed that the Joys
Of Newark were to play our boys.
Fired with real zeal, "Now, John," says I,
(Enthusiasm running high,)
"I hope that you'll wipe up the floor;
For once roll up a decent score.

"While really I cannot afford
To spare five dollars from my hoard,
I want you now to take this V
And use it advantageously;
But *beat the Joys!*" The day soon came;
I strolled around to view the game.



John stood at bat, devoid of fear



HOW THE GAME WAS WON

'T was played upon a vacant lot;
The day was most uncommon hot.
To my surprise I saw no sign
Of mask for the Coshocton nine;
No mitt or chest protector new
Appeared to my inquiring view,
But 'neath the shirt of one profane
And vulgar youth, I saw too plain,
My wife's inflated water bag,
And on his breast, the umpire's tag.

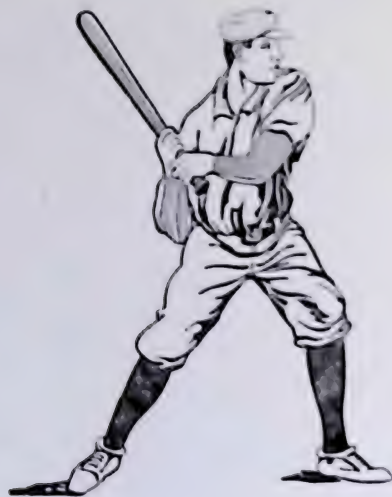
The Braves at bat, the umpire's call
Resounded through the field: "Play ball."
John stood at bat, devoid of fear;
He fanned but could n't find the sphere;
And though the balls looked fair to me
As any I might wish to see,
The umpire gave him base on balls
Amidst the visitors' cat-calls.

I must allow I never saw
Decisions rendered quite as raw,
And when the Newark Joys' hard swats
Knocked balls into adjoining lots,
Regardless of the Newarks' growl,
He 'd suavely call each one a foul.

HOW THE GAME WAS WON

At last the farcial game was o'er
And up went the official score :
Goshocton had just twenty-nine,
'With Newark's Joys 'way down the line.

I sought my offspring ; " Where," I ask,
" Is chest protector, mitt and mask ?"
John looked surprised, " You said to use
The money given as I choose,
'Where it would do the greatest good—
But '*win the game*,' you said we should."
" Yes." " Well, we won it, did n't we ?
'We would n't, were it not for me ;
I slipped it to the empire. See ?"





UNCHANGING

WHEN E'ER the sun forgets to rise
And wend his way across the skies,
When e'er the stars above you
Shall lose their light and shine no more,
Why, then I may (but not before)
Forget, my dear, to love you.

INSCRIPTION

Written on the fly leaf of a volume of Paul Laurence Dunbar's Poems,
and presented to a friend.

ACCEPT, I pray, with kind regard,
These poems of a swarthy bard.
What, though his hide be black as ink,
His hair inclined to curl and kink,
A whiter heart ne'er pulsed within
Habiliments of fairest skin.
Transcendent genius such as his
Demands our homage, and it is
My wish that I might but infuse
Such thoughts as spring from Dunbar's muse
Within the confines of my verse;
Bards deified have written worse.



A whiter heart ne'er pulsed within habiliments of fairest skin



THE WANDERER

HOW dark and stormy seems the way
When God is lost from view;
Oh, that I might walk in the light
Of Christ, whom once I knew.

To me, life once was bright and fair,
The road was smooth and grand,
When Christ, my Guide, walked by my side
And led me by the hand.

But I, unmindful of His pleas,
From Him away didst stray,
Believing I could now rely
On self to find my way.

Allured by the deceptive glow
Of gilded baubles rare,
And frescoes bright, which to my sight
Appeared most wondrous fair,

THE WANDERER

I wandered from the narrow path,
Along the broad highway;
To music sweet, my wayward feet
Strayed from the light of day.

And now my light has feeble grown,
And dangerous the road,
I flounder in the mire of sin
With my oppressive load.

My steps I never can retrace
Unaided, God, by Thee;
O Thou who gav'st Thy Son to save,
Canst Thou recover me?

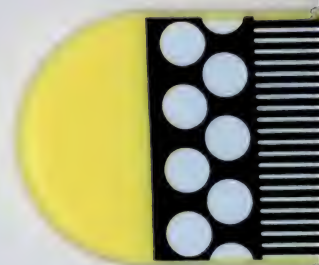
If so, extend Thy strong right arm
And save me from my fate,
The light grown pale will shortly fail
And then 't will be too late!



SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

I DO not know her name, perhaps you do;
I never saw her face, perchance that you
May have her picture now upon your wall;
It may be this poor soul was once your all.

By some strange chance her head might once have lain
Pillowed upon your breast, before the pain
Of loneliness and want had clipped her wings,
And false pride blinded her to nobler things.



SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

And tired and weak, base ghouls demanded toll,
A city's vampires clawed at her poor soul.
The dice were loaded and the game not fair;
The odds proved greater far than she could bear.

Her wisdom and her strength were sorely tried;
The roads were lone and strange, the guide-posts lied.
Till chilled and hungry, with her senses numbed,
Tired of the conflict, she at last succumbed.

Back home the life was drear and sober-faced,
The people drudges all, and too straight-laced.
Contentions petty of a little town
Oppressed her with its yoke and weighed her down.

Monotony had robbed her life of peace;
Romance within her cried for sweet release.
From deprivation sprang her wild desires;
Ambition's fancies fanned consuming fires.

You could not understand, mother-of-hers;
You could not see with her; your eyes were blurs
Of wash day, cooking, brooms—the weary grind;
To Youth's romantic dreams you were but blind.



Her life was straight, she used to pray



SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

She saw some poor men's wives strain with the weight
Of thankless crosses borne; defying Fate.
The wings of Fancy beat across the miles,
Transporting her into a land of smiles,

And joy and gaiety, where work would be
But child's play, and her life tranquility;
With money real to spend just as she chose,
Buy what she wished, and none could her oppose.

Alas for dreams of Youth, the wak'ning comes,
The visions bright of feasts prove only crumbs.
The wage was pitiful, and shrunk its power
To purchase the delights of Fancy's hour.

Ten dollars earned a week—twelve, you insist,
Well, just enough at that to but exist.
The finery she craved could not be bought,
Denied were pleasures all, for which she sought.

At first her life was straight; she used to pray;
Considered not had she, the easier way.
Vice was repugnant, for tradition brings
To chaste lives loathing of unholy things.

SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

But girls away from home can seldom see
Until too late, the snares that carefully
Are spread with tact to bring about their fall,
When they, too weak to fight, relinquish all.

And now she's paid the price, the mask is dropped;
The dead line has been crossed; deceit is stopped.
She gazes in the city's face to stare;
She sees but brutal sneers, no pity there.

She realizes now all she has lost;
She's lived the city's life, but ah, the cost!
She thinks now of the joys that might have been;
The happiness refused the best of men.

She sees "the man back home," whose love she spurned,
In whose true manly breast a pure love burned.
She thinks of little lives God should allow
To bless her home, but now—O God! but now—

* * * * *

Again, the orchards bloom, the robins sing;
All nature seems to breathe the joys of spring.
The wild rose soon will bare its swelling heart
And violets their rich perfume impart.

SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

The city with its base seductive spell
Lies far away beyond the mossy dell,
Where sunshine robes a little mound with green,
O'er which the willow waves its plumes serene.

But nevermore for her will shine the sun;
She paid the penalty; her race is run.
When we know not the price that must be paid,
We do and dare, and seem so unafraid.



THE PICCANINNY'S PLAINT

COME, mah baby, hush yu' cryin',
Do n' y'u spile dem poorty eyes;
Lay yu' haid on mammy's bosom
While she sings yu' lullabies.

Do n' you keer des kase dem white chiles
'Fuse to run an' play an' hide
Wif mah baby, kase dair colah
Ain' as dahk as yu's outside.

Scratch de skin a little teeny,
Watch 'em bleed, des lak yu' own;
Underneaf dair faded coverin'
Dey's got same kin' flesh an' bone.

Wasn't Eve as much yu' muddah
As she is ob chillun white?
Does de Bible say she white folks?
She may been as brack as night.



"Lay yu' haid on mammy's bosom, while she sings y'u lullabies"



THE PICCANINNY'S PLAINT

When we reach de glory mansions,
Stan'in' by de gates outside,
T'inks ole Peter care a fig leaf
'Bout de colah ob our hide?

No, indeedy! All he acks us
As he spreads de gates apaht,
Not what colah may yu' skin be;
Des what colah is yu' heaht?



LOVE'S LABOR LOST

SWIFT the word was passed in Heaven
That a drummer on his way
Would be in the Golden City
Ere the gates should close that day.

What a stir among the angels
And the seraphs, for they knew
That there'd be some lively doings,
Now a traveling man was due.

For monotony had really
Settled down upon the place,
And each sainted white robed virgin
Wore a long and sombre face.

But the angels now were active,
And each dainty little nose
Was be-sprinkled well with powder
As they donned their Sunday clothes.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

And each golden harp was polished
And each harp-string placed in tune,
For a drummer was expected
To arrive in Heaven soon

And they sent out a committee
To extend a welcome hearty,
With a band of heavenly harpists
And another singing party.

As the train pulled in the station
The conductor shouted, "Say,
Are you looking for the drummer?
Well, he went the other way."





THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

THEY talk about religion a bein' mighty cheap,
But to run the church at Simpkins it appears to take
a heap.

They sing that hymn o' Watts's, "I'm glad salvation's free,"
But the theory and practice do n't seem to quite agree.

First, it takes six hundred plunks per year fer Parson Whart,
That is, we 'gree to give that much, though ginerally we're
short.

Then, there's them furrin missionaries we've allers got to pay,
But Simpkins church holds up her end on Missionary Day.



'The church at Simpkins Corners



THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Then comes the superannuates, and next, the Niggers' Aid,
The Bible Cause, the Sunday School, and I am much afraid
I can't remember half the calls upon my slender purse;
I'd have to deed to 'em the farm if it grows any worse.
At that, the church 'd be in debt, head over heels, I guess,
Did not the Wimmin's Aid prevent our comin' to distress.

But two weeks more till Conference, and in the same old
rucks,
The Parson's salary was found, shy, *twenty-seven bucks*.
The wimmin, bless their honest hearts, decided they must raise
The balance due the preacher inside o' fourteen days,
And thus surprise good Parson Whart by one united pull,
A sendin' him to Conference with his salary paid in full.

But what to do to raise the wind perplexed 'em, fer you see
They'd tried all kinds o' festibles, they'd given a pink tea;
They'd had their exhibitions, but of these they tired as well,
A hearin' M'lissa Jones recite about that "Curfew Bell."
Ice cream suppers, too, had paled, they'd tried a spellin'-bee;
Uncommon means must be devised to raise that salary.

Things was a lookin' mighty blue when pretty Widder Mull
Suggested that they try 'em with a necktie sociabul.
Now, Mrs. Mull had witnessed one last summer, down to
Warners,
But necktie sociabuls was new to them at Simpkins Corners.

THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

It was explained how they must make a necktie to agree
Exactly with the dress they wore so as the boys might see
Who fer the evenin' they must take to be their runnin' mate,
Fer boys must purchase all, a tie, as they come in the gate.
Each girl should bring a meal fer two and then at half past
 nine
Each couple would attack their lunch, and *tete-a-tete* must
 dine.

The plan discussed, it was approved with no discordin' note
And unanimous it carried when it was put to vote.
Committees was appinted, the aid of all to seek,
And the date fer it decided, come Thursday night a week.
Now, commonly, the Corners was jist a trifle dull,
But in anticipation of that necktie sociabul
The place tuk on a differ'nt air and every one allowed
How the doin's's at Simpkins would be sure to bring a crowd.

Of all young men around these parts perhaps there was n't
 one
Received such marked attention as Philander Philabaum,
Fer he had come from Bladensburg, the village school to teach
And had been voted by the girls a veritable peach.
His hair was black and shiny like, he allers kep' it 'iled ;
His teeth with plugs o' re-al gold showed ev'ry time he smiled ;
His collar was of celluloid, his shirt front stiff and white ;
No wonder that the ladies deemed Philander "out o' sight."

THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Now, all the girls was anxious this pedagogue to win,
And when Melissa Jones was teased she 'd jist begin to grin,
Which seemed to sort o' intermate a mootual understandin'
'Twixt her and Phil existed, which give her the place com-
mandin';
And it must be admitted she 'peared to hev the lead,
Fer Mary Ellen Higgins seemed to lack Melissa's speed.

But Mary Ellen had a voice as sweet as any bird,
When she 'd sing "Rock o' Ages," upon my sacred word
You 'd hev to bresh yer eyes a bit, it was so very fetchin',
And every one 'd be in tears, jist seemed like it was ketchin'.
She played the organ and was first surptanor in the choir,
While Mary Ellen's paw hed been fer long the village squire.

Melissa weighed her rival's claims and what did most alarm
her
Was the thought that Higgins was a squire, her father but a
farmer.
"But then," she mused, with some conceit, and drew an easy
breath,
"When looks is once considered, I've got her skinned to
death."

Melissa was quite foxy, and never lost a chance
To down her hated rival; when by lucky circumstance
Philander happened in the store and slipped upon Meliss
While the clerk was measurin' fer her, ten yards o' dotted
swiss.

THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

"Aw, now," says she, impatient like, "I do n't think it's quite
fair

A spyin' on a girl like this to see what she might wear

Next Thursday night, so you may know jist what necktie to
choose."

But secretly did she rejoice, and felt she could n't lose,

Fer Phil would know she'd wear that swiss without her really
tellin',

And her necktie would surely buy; what chance had Mary
Ellen?

Meliss, of her position, felt that she was most secure;

That Phil would buy that dotted swiss she now was doubly
sure,

Fer how he smiled when on the street they met by accident,

Says he, "I've got you spotted!" "Sure, 't was *spotted swiss*
he meant."

Thus mused Melissa to herself with greatest satisfaction,

As she surveyed within the glass each separate attraction.

"And then," she chuckled to herself, her little head a swellin',

"How envious other girls will be, pertic'ly Mary Ellen."

Well, Thursday dawned both bright and fair and there was
much excitement

To know whose dress matched each cravat, but there seemed
no enlightenment;

The ties were placed within the care o' winsome Widder
Mull,

And things looked quite auspicious fer the necktie sociabul.



The clerk was measurin' fer her, ten yards o' dotted swiss



THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Scores of ties were there displayed of every shade and kelor,
Red and blue and pink and white and some were lemon yellor.
But, oh! most fateful circumstance, that boded ill, alack!
Two ties of swiss hung on the line and *both were dotted
black!*

Quite late it was when M'lissa Jones, as stately as a queen,
Walked in the church at Simpkins's, important and serene.
Folks was there from miles around, a hundred—more or less,
An' it was freely voted a most wonderful success.

But as she looked in vain fer Phil, what was her consternation
To see before her, Billy Pool, with face all animation,
And her swiss tie around his neck; she seemed bereft o' power,
"C-c-c-come on," says Billy, "I hev looked fer you fer more 'n
a nour.

"I th-th-th-thought this tie 'at it belonged to M-M-M-Mary
Ellen Higgins,
Fer she'd the only dress like it there w-w-w-was aroun' these
diggin's;
But when I see Ph-Ph-Ph-Phil Philabaum a wearin' one the
same,
An' on the ends o' this 'n the 'n-n-n-nitials o' yore name,
Why, then the thought it c-c-c-comes to me, 'M. J.' meant
M-M-M-M'lissa Jones."
But Billy's only answer was some low discordant moans.
Fer Billy was n't over bright, an' it mus' be admitted
Thet some the folks at Simpkins's considered him half-witted.

THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

But worse than this and worst of all, she had but jist diskivered
Her Phil and Mary Ellen, too! oh, mercy! how she shivered.
Phil was there in long-tailed coat, who could resist his charm?
And *Mary Ellen Higgins was a hangin' on his arm!*
How lovin'ly she looked at Phil as with his tie she toyed,
Endeavorin' to adjust it around his celluloid.

Now, goaded unto frenzy, Melissa lost her head,
She marched up to her rival and this is what she said:
"You nasty, hateful, spiteful thing!" such was her exclamation,
"I'll have you know that that's my tie!" she spoke with animation;
"You thought you'd steal him, didn't you?" She sure had up her dander;
She seized her recreant lover's arm, and says, "Come on, Philander."

You know sometimes that worms may turn when pushed beyond endurance,
Now Mary Ellen's spunk was 'roused at M'lissa's self-assurance,
And so she seized Phil's other arm and she began to claw,
Remarkin' that "Possession is nine p'int's of the law."

My! how they pulled an' struck an' scratched, and when the war was ended
They looked, all three, a sorry sight and ready to be mended.



My! how they pulled an' struck an' scratched!



THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Poor Phil fared worst, his sleeves were gone, his long frock
coat was tattered,

His nose was peeled, his lip was cut, and nerves were badly
shattered.

As fer Meliss, poor simple thing, her vision bright of bliss
Had vanished as completely as had that dotted swiss;
Fer honestly, there was n't left enough to make a tie;
Her 'pearance so immodest was, I hed to close one eye.

Mary Ellen better fared, though much the worse fer wear,
Fer she received a scratch or two and lost a bunch o' hair;
But Simpkins all decided thet she was in the right,
And so, too, did Philander, who saw her home that night.

Well, the sociabul was ended but they never could efface
The stain upon the Simpkins Church and consequent disgrace,
And Melissa never dared again aspire to win the teacher,
And forever necktie sociabuls was barred out by the preacher.
But Parson Whart to Conf'rence went, his sal'ry paid in full,
Fer this was jist the proceeds of the necktie sociabul;
And now, as I look back at it, it seems so very funny,
And though the Parson's barred 'em out, fer once he got his
money.



TO A FRIEND BACK EAST

A WAY back East where you live,
Where the icy breezes blow,
And the lakes freeze fast and the winter's blast
Drives down the eddying snow ;
Do you think sometimes of me, dear,
'Way out on the Western Slope,
Where the sun shines bright from morn till night ?
You do, my dear, I hope.

TO A FRIEND BACK EAST

I think of you each day, dear,
And I wish that you might see
This fairy-land and you 'd understand
Why it so appeals to me.
The air so pure and fragrant
With the breath of the flowers a-bloom,
The mountains high as they pierce the sky,
And we all have plenty of room.

I think of you back there, dear,
In the city's teeming marts,
Its crowded malls and its busy stalls
And its horde of aching hearts.
While here we are all so free, dear,
We laugh and we shout and sing
In this great out-doors, on the sandy shores,
In this land of eternal spring.

Away back there where you live,
My love goes out to you;
And though miles apart you must know my heart
Will ever remain as true
As when together back there, dear,
And there's nothing can break the tie
Of friendship like ours, and 'midst snow or flowers
It shall linger till we die.

DON'T

My father tells me—

TO NEVER drink nor never smoke,
To never tell a naughty joke,
To never handle cards or dice,
To always shun all forms of vice.

Taboo the girls and never dance,
To never play a game of chance,
To never flirt and never go
To see a bathing beauty show.

In my canoe to never take
A maiden rowing on the lake,
Nor take a chance my Ford to wreck
By holding hands or playing "neck."

I wonder just what fun he had
When he was young. My poor old dad.



THE DERELICT

AS RAPT in holiest reverie,
Thy dear sweet face comes back to me,
I pause on Life's sad voyage, and
Beside thee once again I stand
Upon the shores of Youth's bright land.

Then would I clasp thee to my heart
And bid thee nevermore depart,
But sail the ages through with me,
Upon my bark—content to be
Thy pilot o'er Life's troubled sea.

THE DERELICT

But now I stand and gazing back
Upon the billow's foamy track,
Half shipwrecked and alone, I see
The wrecks I've caused—the misery
I've brought to those who sailed with me.

I'm but a bubble on Life's tide ;
Far back upon the mountain-side
Thy sparkling gladsome wave I see
Come dashing down so blithe and free
In all its crystal purity.

But ere thou reach me I'll be swept
Beyond thy grasp, where all is kept
In ocean's vast eternity.
Alas, thou canst not course with me
The waters of Life's boundless sea.

As brooklets on the mountain-side,
Wouldst we had met, ne'er to divide,
But mingled in one joyous theme,
United coursed—a sparkling stream
Forever on in Love's young dream.



Come dashing down so blithe and free

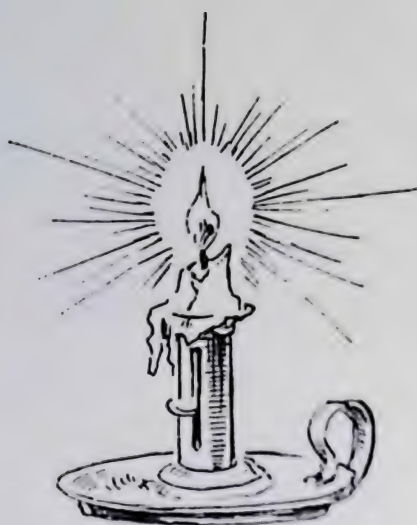


THE DERELICT

Oh, wave of beauty! e'en the sun
Ne'er fairer shone, thou heavenly one!
Most glorious be thy bright career,
Throughout Fame's most resplendent sphere,
Why shouldst thou seek to have *me* near?

For I am naught, I feel I must
Soon sink to nothingness and dust;
Whilst thou art yet within thy prime,
Forgot will be my name and rhyme,
But thine shall live throughout all time.





THE CHAMPION OPTIMISTS

ON A stretcher poor Jerry was carried
To the hospital under the hill,
Where the doctors were met to dissect him,
For be it known Jerry was ill.

They stretched Jerry out on a table,
At his head anesthetics were hurled
Until Jerry's deep treble assured them
That Jerry was dead to the world.

Then, quick with the lancet and scalpel
An incision was speedily made,
The *vermis* appendix exposing
Which was promptly removed with a blade.

THE CHAMPION OPTIMISTS

A kidney was next to be taken,
For out of its orbit it swung;
They took a gall-stone from the bladder
And chopped off a piece of his lung.

What was left of poor Jerry was sewed up
Beneath his cadaverous chest,
But whether he'd live till the morrow
Was a problem too hard to be guessed.

When the cutting and slashing was ended
A satisfied smile played on each
Of the *medicos'* brows, all agreeing
That the job they had done was a peach.

Of course, Jerry might n't be living
At dawn, but that would n't impair
The success of the late operation,
Of that they were willing to swear.

Poor Jerry, returned to his senses,
Was filled with delirious joy
When the doctor assured him with vigor,
" 'Twas entirely successful, my boy."

THE CHAMPION OPTIMISTS

Next morning, with fever appalling
And pulse beating one-thirty-nine,
Responding to Jerry's inquiry,
The answer came, "You're doing fine."

At night with the temperature rising
And the pulse marking one-fifty-three,
Again came the suave assurance,
"You're getting on fine as can be."

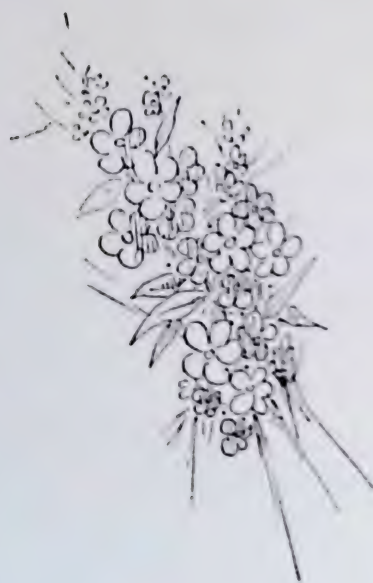
He asked the head-nurse when he'd likely
Be able to leave. The old song
Was wafted back ever so gently,
"Oh, you wo'n't be here very long."

And when a new day dawned, poor Jerry's
Articulate powers had passed.
His question unuttered was answered,
"You're getting along mighty fast."

And when the nurse came back at sunset
With the greeting, expressed with a laugh,
"You'll be able to leave soon," poor Jerry'd
Been dead just an hour and a half.



"Oh, you won't be here very long"





SINCE WILLIE DIED

THE grass is withered and lies dead,
The leaves are faded overhead,
The rose has lost its brilliant red,
Since Willie died.

The feathered songsters that have thrilled
Our senses with their songs, and filled
Our ears with music—all are stilled,
Since Willie died.

The sun stays hid behind the cloud,
The winds they moan and sigh aloud,
All nature seems to wear a shroud,
Since Willie died.

SINCE WILLIE DIED

Sepulchral sounds break on the still
And ghost-like silence which doth fill
The house, so cold and damp and chill,
Since Willie died.

I hie me to a lonely mound,
And prostrate there upon the ground
I pray for comfort—none is found—
Since Willie died.

'Tis hard to bow to God's decree,
My heart like lead appears to be,
My life is drear and sad; ah, me!
Since Willie died.





RETROSPECTION

AS I sit all alone in my room, dear,
In this far away southern clime,
With the rain beating hard at my casement,
I am deluged with thoughts most sublime;
And my mind wanders back to the past, dear,
As the stag wanders down to the brook,
And I drink deep of memory's sweets, love,
And I see you in every look.

RETROSPECTION

Yes, I see you, I hear you, I feel you,
Omnipresent as was Banquo's ghost,
I see that dear face in my dreams, love,
Clearly outlined in front of the host,
As you looked in that sweet olden time, dear,
When heart spoke to heart, and my soul
Brimming over with raptures etherial
Betrayed love I could not control.

My heart was to you as a book, dear,
Which is printed in letters most plain,
Not a thought but was mutually shared, dear,
Ne'er a secret could either retain.
Now your voice in soft cadences rippling
Comes back from those dear days gone by,
And I listen to rhapsodies sweet, love,
So familiar to both you and I.

Half asleep, dear, and verging on Dreamland,
I open my eyes with a start,
Expecting again to behold you
And clasp you, love, close to my heart.
For, as I sit nodding and napping
I feel a hand pressing my head,
Dear fingers whose touch so electric
Would startle me though I were dead,



"Half asleep, dear, and verging on Dreamland"



RETROSPECTION

Are coursing their way through my tresses,
And lips pressed to lips once again
Have metamorphosed me completely
And well nigh bewildered my brain.
But, fully awake, now, these day dreams
But serve to give striking contrast
To this unfeeling world of the present
And that of the dear happy past.

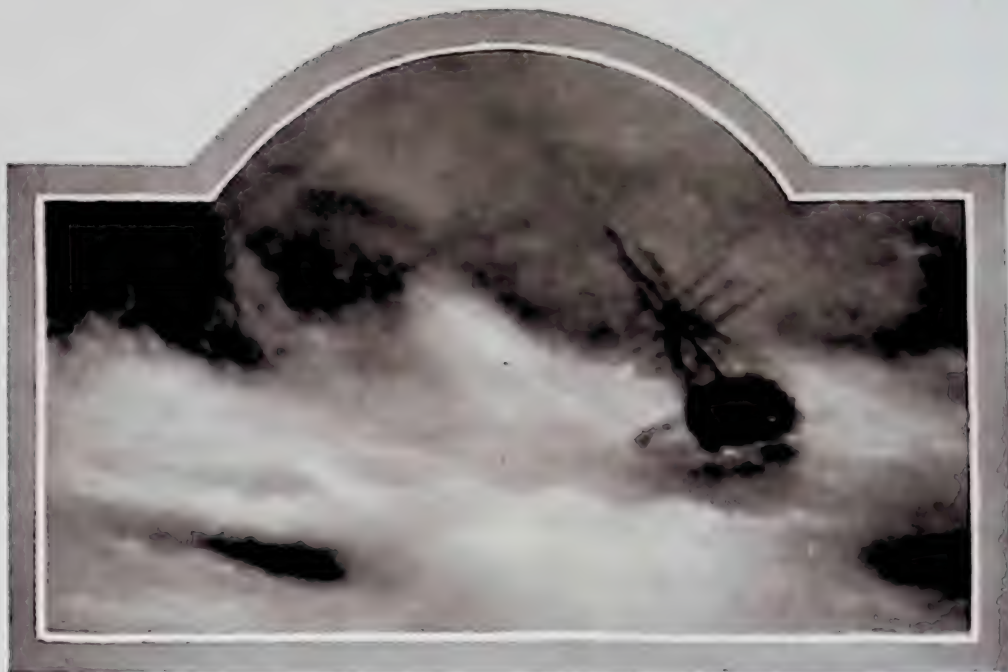
As a child views the narrow horizon
And bounds this old earth by its sight,
So my world was the world of a child, dear,
Though a world most immeasurably bright.
But as morning dew on the rosebud
Disappears in the glow of the sun,
So the sophistries vain, dear, of childhood
Are sadly effaced, one by one.

And though my horizon has widened,
There is nothing so sweet to me, dear,
As these moments of quiet reflection
Which bring you so close to me here.
And so I am sitting alone, love,
And pondering over the past
And living again in my mind, dear,
Those days far too happy to last.

RETROSPECTION

I know not what waits on my future,
But it would be Heaven for me
If St. Peter would kindly consent, dear,
Throughout all of Eternity,
To let us go back to the past, love ;
I am sure I would never complain
If we, through perennial ages
Could live o'er those sweet days again.





A WOMAN'S ANSWER

YOU say you love me, well, no doubt
 You do, in boyish fashion;
And vow without me life is naught,
 With reckless dash and passion.
You press me to your boyish heart
 And clasp your arms about me,
And swear that only death shall part
 Or make you live without me.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

In this blind ecstasy so sweet,
 Caresses soft benumb me,
And as our lips in kisses meet,
 Emotions overcome me.
And gazing in your earnest eyes,
 Those orbs so frank and youthful,
'Tis hard, indeed, to realize
 You'd ever prove untruthful.

Could I but know I'd always keep
 You free from vain ambition,
Contentedly I'd cease to weep
 And list to your petition.
But ah, the frailty of man's heart,
 I know you are but human,
And love to man is but a *part*,
 'Tis *all there is of woman*.

Your horizon is small today,
 The world you know but slightly;
Affliction, care and sorrow weigh
 Upon your shoulders lightly.
Today's intents may be replaced
 By morrow's indecision,
When life's realities once faced
 Have broadened much your vision.



"Love to man is but a part, 'tis all there is of woman"



A WOMAN'S ANSWER

And beauty fades as does the rose,
Youth's spring too soon will perish;
Oh, would you love 'midst winters' snows
Or cease your vows to cherish?
I think your boyish heart is pure
As are the stars above me,
But fear the world's seductive lure
Might make you cease to love me.

My woman's heart and woman's love
Are not for sacrificing,
And faithfulness ranks far above
Mere words, howe'er enticing.
So, wait until time proves but true
Your fiery vows which thrill me,
For should I give my all to you,
Neglect would surely kill me.





THE GOLDEN KEY

I FELL asleep in my easy chair
And I dreamed that I knelt at the gate
Of Paradise, and an angel fair
Bade me rise and my mission state.

I arose enraptured, my eyes in tears ;
Sheer ecstasy filled my soul,
Celestial music fell on my ears
As I stood at the Heavenly goal.

"Please open, I pray, the portals wide
And bring me my harp of gold,"
Said I, to the angel at my side,
"I am anxious to enter the fold."

THE GOLDEN KEY

"Ah, the gate is for thee to unlock," said he;

His eyes with compassion were filled—

"Thou comest afar, hast thou not the key?"

(And it seemed that my pulses stilled)

"The golden key that is forged by prayer,

That is welded by sacrifice,

That is tempered by faith and fitted with care

For the gates to Paradise?"

* * * * *

I awoke with a start from my easy chair

As the bells were ringing for evening prayer.





THE GOLDEN KEY

I FELL asleep in my easy chair
And I dreamed that I knelt at the gate
Of Paradise, and an angel fair
Bade me rise and my mission state.

I arose enraptured, my eyes in tears ;
Sheer ecstasy filled my soul,
Celestial music fell on my ears
As I stood at the Heavenly goal.

"Please open, I pray, the portals wide
And bring me my harp of gold,"
Said I, to the angel at my side,
"I am anxious to enter the fold."

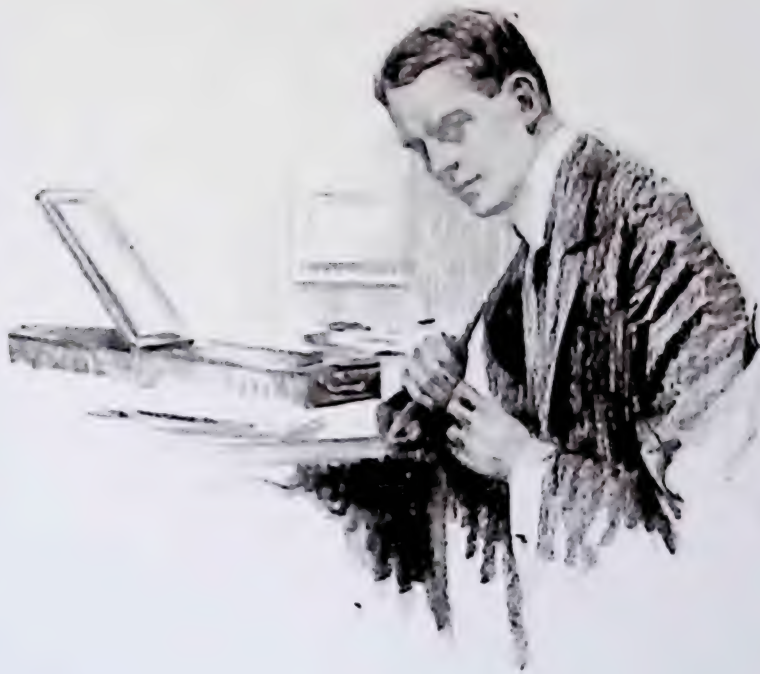
THE GOLDEN KEY

"Ah, the gate is for thee to unlock," said he;
His eyes with compassion were filled—
"Thou comest afar, hast thou not the key?"
(And it seemed that my pulses stilled)

"The golden key that is forged by prayer,
That is welded by sacrifice,
That is tempered by faith and fitted with care
For the gates to Paradise?"

* * * * *

I awoke with a start from my easy chair
As the bells were ringing for evening prayer.





MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

THE silvery gleam of the moon on the snow
 Bejeweled like diamonds the plain,
As Santa Claus drew up his reindeer and sled
 By the house at the end of the lane.

A little bit late was old Santa this night,
 For surely there never before
Had been such a lot of good boys and girls
 To provide for from out of his store.



As Santa Claus drew up his reindeer and sled



MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Although very tired and a little bit cross,
This chimney he never could miss,
For hadn't he called here on each Christmas eve
For four winters previous to this?

The first year a rattle and small woolen cap
Had been left for the sweet little tot,
While next year a teddy bear covered with fur,
And of candy and nuts, such a lot.

Then a picture book, jacket and real winter shoes,
And last year a drum and a sled,
While tonight he had brought in his generous pack
Enough gifts to turn any boy's head.

For this little friend of old Santa's was good,
Unselfish, so sweet, undefiled,
And nothing on earth pleases Santa so much
As a loving obedient child.

He smiled with delight as he thought of the lad
And the pleasures the morrow would bring,
As into the chimney his body he squeezed
And dropped to the hearth with a bing!

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

He emerged from the grate but to find the room cold ;
 No fire, and but feebly the light
Of a struggling moonbeam penetrated the gloom,
 Revealing a counterpane white.

The little bed stood where it always had stood,
 But where was the jacket and waist,
The panties and shoes and the little wool cap ;
 Could it be they had all been misplaced ?

Now, silently, Santa Claus crept near the bed ;
 It was empty ; oh, what could it mean ?
The jacket and gown lay folded with care
 On the pillows so spotless and clean.

The teddy bear lay on his face prone and still,
 A tin soldier stood silent on guard,
By his side two wee shoes worn through at the toes,
 A picture book, top and a card.

Behind every chair and in under the bed
 Santa peered here and there, near and far,
Till he finally peeped through the crack of a door
 Which was standing but slightly ajar.

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A few dying embers burned low in the grate,
Before it, sad eyed sat a man,
While the sputtering coals illumined the face,
Allowing good Santa to scan

Haggard features that gazed in the embers and read
In kaleidoscope shapes in the fire
The remembrance of joys all too happy to last,
Joys the greatest to which men aspire.

He was living again in the days of the past;
He was pressing a kiss to the face
Of his baby; the white arms encircled his neck
As of yore in a tender embrace.

He was hearing the songs, the laughter and shouts
Of a dear little voice now so still.
The embers grown weaker, the vision has passed,
And submissive he bows to God's will.

And kneeling beside him, her arms and her head
Pillowed fast in the lap of the man,
Was a woman heart-broken, who held her lips pressed
To a dear little stocking of tan.

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Then old Santa Claus wept, for he now understood,
And so, softly closing the door,
He scratched his old head in an effort to think
For fully ten minutes or more.

At last, he excitedly dived in his pack
And brought forth a beautiful card
With a text worked in letters of crimson and gold
Tied with ribbon—at least a full yard.

Tiptoeing, he laid it where always before
Had rested that dear little head,
Then quietly mounting the chimney again
He dashed out of sight in his sled.

The fire in the grate dwindled low and expired,
The man sank to sleep in his chair;
With her eyes on the mantel, the woman arose
And sighed at a nail driven there.

She clasped baby's stocking close, close to her breast,
Stole softly away in the gloom,
And op'ning the door she passed silently through
To her darling's untenanted room.



Her head pillowed fast in the lap of the man



MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Behold! on the pillow the card she discerned
Dear Santa had called as of yore!
To bring blessed hope from the Father above
And bind up the wounds that were sore.

She read as she paused by the side of the bed
In the moonlight but dim and uneven—
"Suffer little children to come unto Me, * * *
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."





THE 'BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

OH, HAVE you ne'er visited Pimlico town
And noted its quiet repose,
The absence of strife in its every-day life
That greets one wherever he goes ?
Have you heard of St. Bridgets and gazed on its spire
With its shimmering cross of bright gold,
A church of renown, the pride of the town,
And nearly two centuries old ?

THE BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

And have you ne'er listened to St. Bridgets' bell
That has swung for near two hundred years
From the rafters so old, heard the tale it has told
Of happiness, sorrow and tears?
It speaks sympathetically, plainly it states
Whatever it may have to tell
Of happiness, gladness, sorrow or sadness;
Oh, list to the song of the bell—

Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!
War's alarm is in every strain!
In accents most dire, it tells of the fire
Of the British on Lexington's plain.
It calls the brave colonists forth to the fray,
It blanches the cheek of the wife;
How sadly it moans, what awe in its tones,
As it tells of the forthcoming strife.

Gling-a-ling, cling-a-ling, cling-a-ling, cling!
Oh, what a strange contrast is here,
As from its brass throat each melodious note
Is wafted to every ear.
It shouts that a vict'ry at Yorktown is won,
It tells in tones joyous and true
Of Cornwallis' surrender to the noble defender
Of Yankeedom's red, white and blue.

THE BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ling!

'Tis a wedding symphony grand,
And the joyful refrain is caught up by the twain
And echoed on every hand.

Its resonant sounds reverberate clear,
A rich benediction to shed
O'er the lives of this fair and happy young pair
Who stand at the altar to wed.

Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

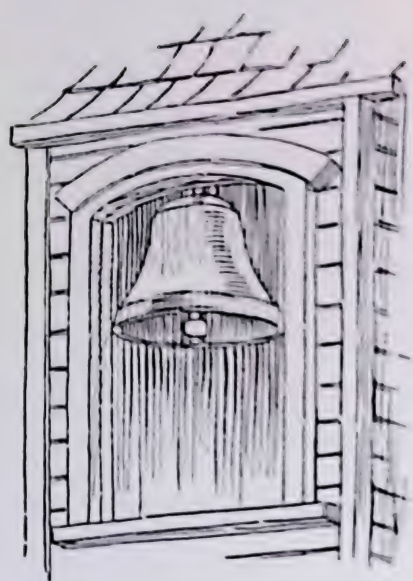
Once again comes that note of concern;
The church is on fire and already the spire
Of St. Bridgets commences to burn!
Up dashes a hero, the steeple to scale!
Up! up! while the multitudes chafe;
To the watchers' amaze, he reaches the blaze
And they shout that St. Bridgets is safe!

Cling-clang, cling-clang, cling-clang, cling-clang!

On Sabbath day how its peals roll;
Oh, heed its behests for its voice but attests
The fate of a recreant soul.
In stentorian tones it gives warning fair;
No mistaking the voice of that bell;
Oh, sinner relent, for unless you repent
Your soul will be tortured in hell.



To the watchers' amaze, he reaches the blaze



THE BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

Toll, toll, toll, toll, toll!
And its muffled notes tell of the gloom
Of the poor breaking heart of one called on to part
From its mate laid away in the tomb.
Its voice, almost human, seems burdened with woe,
As it sobs out its wail of despair;
'Tis hard, O my God! to place under the sod
All that life holds to be the most fair.

In sickness, in health, in trouble or joy,
A warm sympathizer you'll find,
For this hoary old bell doth but echo so well
The deep hidden wants of the mind.
'Tis surrounded by halos to us the most dear,
Our ancestors cherished it well;
We'll guard it with care, and this be our prayer
That its tongue sounds our funeral knell.



THE PASSING OF JACKY SPRAT

JACKY Sprat was short and fat,
His wife was tall and lean;
Jack liked to shirk, she did the work
And kept things slick and clean.

Once did she tire ; Jack made the fire
And used the gasoline—
Puff! bang! a blaze! a smoky haze!
Jack's never since benzine.

THE FERRY

THERE'S a land beyond, a brighter land,
A realm of eternal bliss
That is linked by faith as our souls are linked
By a ferry route with this.

The river seems dark and deep and wide,
But our boat is staunch and true,
But our Pilot is sure and we can depend
On Him steering us safely through.

To loved ones 't is hard to say "good-bye;"
From partings like this we shrink;
And hearts are bowed with the weight of woe
As we come to the river's brink.

But alone we must pass o'er the desolate stream,
And though the river be wide,
Though eyes be dim, by faith we may see
That Home on the other side.



THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

'T WAS Hallowe'en, and Louisa
Had crawled in her little bed
And carefully tucked the coverlet
Over her curly head;
For she had heard of the witches
Who fly on their broomstick steeds
To frolic in the churchyard
And perform their mystic deeds



From her imperilled position, she could see everything that took place

THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

As she said to the wondering lassie,
 "Come, jump on my steed with me
And I'll whisk you away to the churchyard,
 To the goblins' jubilee."
And the child, too frightened to disobey,
 Just jumped on the witch's steed,
As out of the window they scampered
 At almost incredible speed.

Over the trees and the house-tops,
 'With her arms 'round the witch's waist,
They soared like a giant flamingo,
 Nor paused in their furious haste
Till the gray sombre church was encountered,
 And onto the roof they flew
'Where a wonderful apparition
 'Was exposed to the maiden's view.

There were bogies and ghosts and hob-goblins,
 And a dwarf with a curious head,
There were little round-bellied brownies
 Making gay in this home of the dead;
And sitting, legs crossed on a gravestone,
 'Was an elf with a fiddle and bow
A' playing the liveliest music,
 Such as no mortal ever could know.

THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

As the strains of the spirited music
 Were wafted about on the breeze,
And lights from the gay jack-o'-lanterns
 Gleamed bright through the boughs of the trees,
The music grew fast and then faster
 And the sprites jumped about in their glee,
Turning somersaults, handsprings and flip-flaps;
 Such antics you never did see.

Louisa was now all excitement,
 And though nearly chilled to the bone,
She pulled her night robe close about her
 And seated herself on a stone
That protruded from under the tower,
 Her feet dangling off into space,
But from her imperilled position
 She could see everything that took place.

Her gaze settled fast on the revels,
 She gave not a heed to the hour
Until right at her side came the clanging
 Of the bell in the gloomy church tower.
As it struck, with a fright most appalling,
 She jumped, and she loosened her hold
And fell—no, not to the churchyard—
 She fell to the floor, I am told.

THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

But the crash had awakened her mamma
Who rushed in the room with a light
As Louisa was rubbing her peepers,
Emerging from out of her fright.
And though she was bruised but a trifle,
She vowed that in future she'd try
To curb gastronomic ambitions
At supper, when eating mince pie.





Louisa was rubbing her peepers



MARY'S LAMB

MARY had a little lamb,
Its wool was dark and greasy,
It followed her to school one day
And slipped in very easy.
And though the kids did laugh and shout,
Right sore it made the teacher;
She shooed the sheepy out of doors
And kicked the little creature.

Right patiently that ram did wait
The teacher's reappearing;
When school dismissed at four that night,
The teacher, nothing fearing
Had started down the schoolhouse steps;
The lamb was all attention—
He took a header, struck her fair,
Just where, I shall not mention.

Heels over somersault she went,
It really was quite shocking;
A flying meteor she looked
Of filmy lace and stocking.
The scholars laughed their fool selves sick,
Each single little sinner,
While off the mantel teacher takes
Now, every day, her dinner.



A DUAL PERSONALITY

WHEN years ago I met her, life took on a different hue ;
This maid with golden tresses seemed as pure as
morning dew.

Her face was fair to look upon, her eyes were filled with love
And she radiated sunshine direct from realms above.

Her smile was like a seraph's, her voice was low and sweet,
She was dainty, she was winsome, from her forehead to her
feet.

How I loved the little lassie and I knew that she loved me ;
How she smiled when e'er she saw me, how her eyes would
dance with glee.

She anticipated always every want and wish of mine
And she ministered unto me in a way that was divine.

A DUAL PERSONALITY

Appreciative ever was she of what was done
And when she 'd say, "O dearie, you 're the best and only one,"

My heart was all a quiver and my pulse beat very fast,
And I wondered if such happiness as this would always last.

* * * * *

But there came a day when shadows lurked upon her placid
brow,

And my acts of sheer endearment seem repulsive to her now ;

Though she knows my love has strengthened with the passing
of the years,

And though I'm all devotion, it appears to me she fears,

I should see in her the human ; and her former tender ways
Are replaced by harsh avowals, the reverse of other days

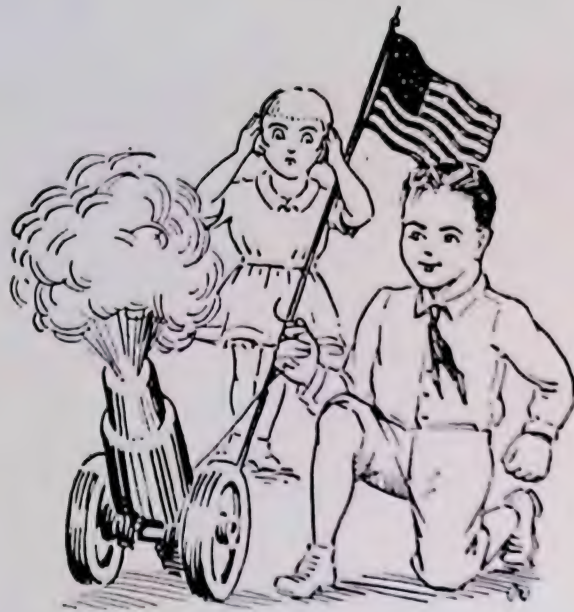
When harmonious our hearts beat and the love shone from
her eyes,

And her face beamed with the radiance of the southern sum-
mer skies.

And I'm gazing at her portrait and my eyes are all a blur,
And I find myself a wondering *which one was really her?*

Was it really she the angel, or this last of haughty pride ?
As different from each other as Jeckyl is from Hyde.

And gazing on her features 't is the former that I see
And I'll love her, ever love her, *for what she used to be.*



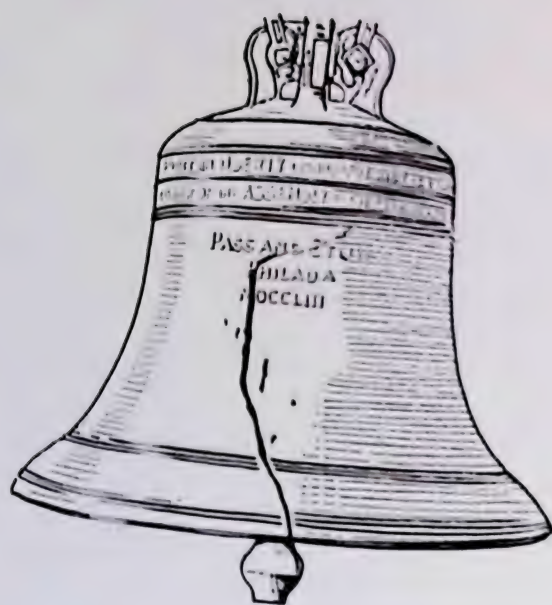
THE SESQUI-GENTENNIAL

*Written for and delivered at a patriotic meeting of the Wesley Brotherhood
of Trinity M. E. Church, Los Angeles, on the eve of July 4th, 1926*

LORD God of nations, Judge of valorous deeds,
Whose mighty arm hath ever led
Thy people victors through each conflict grim,
Though battle-fields with strife were red,
Though deep-mouthed guns belched forth their fire and shell
And seas' breast felt the cannon's voice,
Its thunders loud did pierce the earth and sky
Till foes cried "Peace!" They had no choice.



Spirit of '76



THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

Do Thou, who art the Spirit of the earth,
Smile Thy approval on our cheers
Commemorating Freedom's birth, ago
A century and fifty years.
Unfurl Old Glory, let it proudly wave
From every spire and mast-head gay,
Let fife and drum their liveliest music make
This glorious Independence Day.

Oh, fairest land that lies beneath the sun,
Thy valleys redolent with fruit and vine,
Thy lofty mountains reaching to the skies,
Thy streamlets fringed with palm and pine,
Thy prairies golden with the ripening grain,
Thy mills and looms make music sweet,
Thy lowing herds upon the hill and plain
Combine to make the symphony complete.

Oh, peaceful land that spreads from sea to sea,
Oh, land where friends are true and brave,
America, thy praises I shall sing,
Thy stars and stripes forever wave.
My Country, God hath favor shown to thee,
And thou hast wisdom shown the world;
And merciful hath grown with added power
As tyrants from high places thou hast hurled.

THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

Without, thou hast no fear of any foe,
The danger threatens from within;
Instill in us respect for all thy laws,
Abhorrence for the curse of gin.
Endowed with power to exercise the will
Of major force at ballot-box,
Teach us that to neglect this right to win
Is greatest of our stumbling blocks.

Pray freedom, peace and progress ever may
Abide with us throughout the years,
And love and sympathy replace the day
Of internecine strife and tears.
With all men free, the shackles thrown away,
One blood, one flag, one universal plan,
Our hands clasped tight in loving comradeship
Attest the Brotherhood of Man.



THE REFORMER

THESE flappers today,
So immodest are they
That they brazenly flaunt all their charms;
What you see at the beach
Fairly baffles your speech—
Bare legs, bare necks and bare arms.
In the good days of yore,
Their mothers, they wore
Both bloomers and stockings, that's true;
Also, if you please,
A skirt reaching the knees.
Now I'd like to see that, would n't you?

THE REFORMER

When our mothers were girls
They wore beautiful curls,
And their hair was their pride and their joy;
This is now done away
By the "bobs" of today
Till it's hard to tell them from a boy.
And the "knicks" that they wear,
Causing Johnnies to stare,
I think quite immodest, I do;
The girls of our day,
So prudish were they—
Now I'd like to see that, wouldn't you?

Now the boy with a flivver
Asks his girl, can he give her
A ride to the mountains or wood;
Without e'en a quiver
She jumps in his flivver;
Now, tell me, d'ye think that she should?
When a boy asked his girl
To go for a whirl
In the days when the "side-bars" were new,
To protect her from harm
Along went her marm;
Now I'd like to see that, wouldn't you?



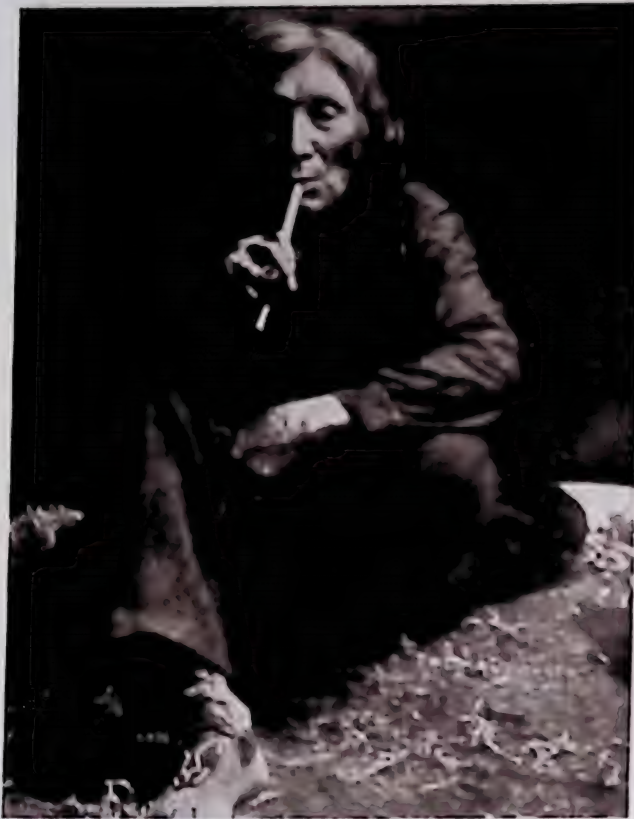
Without e'en a quiver, she jumps in his floover



THE REFORMER

With their smokes and their drinks,
Their breath fairly stinks
Like that of a hobo or bum;
They've no use for a man
Unless the guy can
From his hip pull a bottle of rum.
I oft wonder why
They wear dresses so high,
Exposing so much to our view;
Mother's dresses would stop
Right at the shoe top;
Now I'd like to see that, wouldn't you?

They say in Paree
At the gay *Bergere*
That the girls wear but rouge and a smile;
Now, when I get there
I'll buy me a chair
Right down in the front centre aisle.
But don't on your life
Let this get to my wife,
For I don't know just what I should do
If she found that her mate
Had jumped over the gate—
But—I'd like to see *that*, wouldn't you?



THE PASSING RACE

FOREVER gone the council fires
That once lit up the steep,
That stirred the souls of our brave sires
Before their last long sleep.

And gone the spirit of our race,
As nations, soon we will have passed;
As once we were, but little trace
Remains, and soon will come the last.

THE PASSING RACE

We were the children of the earth,
But we have signed away our right
To all that's ours by right of birth;
And now creeps on the pall of night.

Our hunting grounds are ripe with grain,
Our parted braves and honored dead
Are sleeping where they long have lain
But desecrated is their bed.

To ages past my heart belongs,
I smoke my pipe of peace to all,
Forgetful of the pale-face wrongs
And wait for the Great Spirit's call.





THE PATCHWORK QUILT

YES, Nancy, we'll hev to git busy
An' put everything in its place,
Fer our darter's a' comin' termorrer,
An' I'm sure it would be a disgrace
Not to hev things in apple pie order,
Fer well you remember, I know
'Fore Emmy was married, she used ter
A' keep things a' lookin' jist so.



"Emmy"



THE PATCHWORK QUILT

Less see, how long is it, mother
Sense Emmy's bin married an' gone?
It mus' be some ten er twelve summers
Sense she hes bin hitched up to John.
'What! nigh onto twenty, you tell me?
'Well, well, it do n't seem it ken be;
'Why, 'pears like it's jist a few seasons
Sense I trotted thet chile on my knee.

An' now she's a fam'ly her own self;
There's Billy an' Harry an' Buck—
Makes four, with the baby Elviry,
An' raised 'em all down in Kentuck'.
My, how the years fly, do n't they, mother?
Jist seems like a few years ago
Sense I went a' courtin' you, Nancy;
'Remember how proud o' yer beau

You was when we went out to meetin',
An' d'ye mind how I crowed over Franz
Bezeek, when you give him the mitten,
An' I tuk you home from the dance
Down to Hayes's, an' how you went ridin'
'Behin' me, on father's gray mare,
'While I dug my heels into the critter
To make the beast caper an' rare

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

So 's you'd put yer arms tighter aroun' me
An' squeeze me to hol' to yer seat?
An' I was that tickled I hollered
An' vowed thet there was n't as sweet
Another girl in the county,
When I sot you down at the gate,
Ridin' home with my heart all a' flutter
An' my brain in a turrible state.

Now, what are you laughin' at, mother?
Ye 're blushin' like when you 's a bride.
All right, I'll be still ef you say so;
Let's turn this straw tick t' other side.
That's better, now put on the feathers;
I'll bet she do n't hev sich a bed
In Kentuck' where there are n't no geoses,
An' where they use shavin's instead.

My, wo' n't she rest well on them pillers?
They're as soft as the down of a swan;
Now, git out them warm winter blankets,
An' to 'mind her o' days thet er gone
We'll s'prise her by toppin' the covers
With thet gay quilted patchwork spread
Thet's kep' in the top burer drawer;
It's goin' to go onto her bed.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

I know thar may be finer covers,
Fer 't is only a caliker spread
But there 's mem'ries thet 's pieced into this 'n
That hallow its every thread.
My, do n't it bring up recollections?
There 's a pictur' in every square,
What others 'd call plain or faded
To us is most wondrously fair.

D' ye see thet pink piece in the corner?
How well I remember the day
You wore it the fust time I seen you
At a picnic one mornin' in May.
I saw yer flax curls jist a' bobbin'
Aroun' yer white throat as you swung
A' hangin' onto a grape vine
As over the water it hung;

An' when yer hand-hold was loosened
An' you dropped with a splash in the creek,
D' ye mind in whose arms you was carried
An' you 'most too frightened to speak?
I carried you jist to the cabin
Thet stood on the brow o' the hill,
But yer eyes as they met mine spoke volumes,
An' my heart—it jist would n't keep still.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

An' thet blue one down ther' in the centre
 'S the one thet you wore at the dance
The night thet you rode home behin' me
 When I made the mare caper an' prance.
An' thet scrap o' brown, d'ye mind it?
 Was Willie's, it went in a suit
Set off with a white flarin' collar
 An' a little red necktie to boot.

Thet one with the pink an' white flowers
 Was Emmy's when she was a kid,
An' I think I can see her a struttin'
 So proud o' whatever she did.
An' this gray one belonged to Aunt Lucy,
 She wore it as her Sunday best;
Dear heart, she grew tired an' weary
 An' seemed glad when she went to her rest.

That buff one jist over the other
 Was Alice's, poor little dear,
God called her away to His Kingdom
 An' left us to mourn fer her here.
I remember the little white coffin;
 On her face was a rapterous beam
A' leavin' upon the wan features
 Impress of a heavenly dream.



There's mem'ries that's pieced into this



THE PATCHWORK QUILT

In the cold earth we laid her frail body
 Deep away from all mortal eyes,
To sleep till the trumpet shall call her
 To waken in God's Paradise.
There are scraps an' some remnants o' dresses
 Worn by others who now are no more,
Whose trials an' troubles were ended
 When they passed to Eternity's shore.

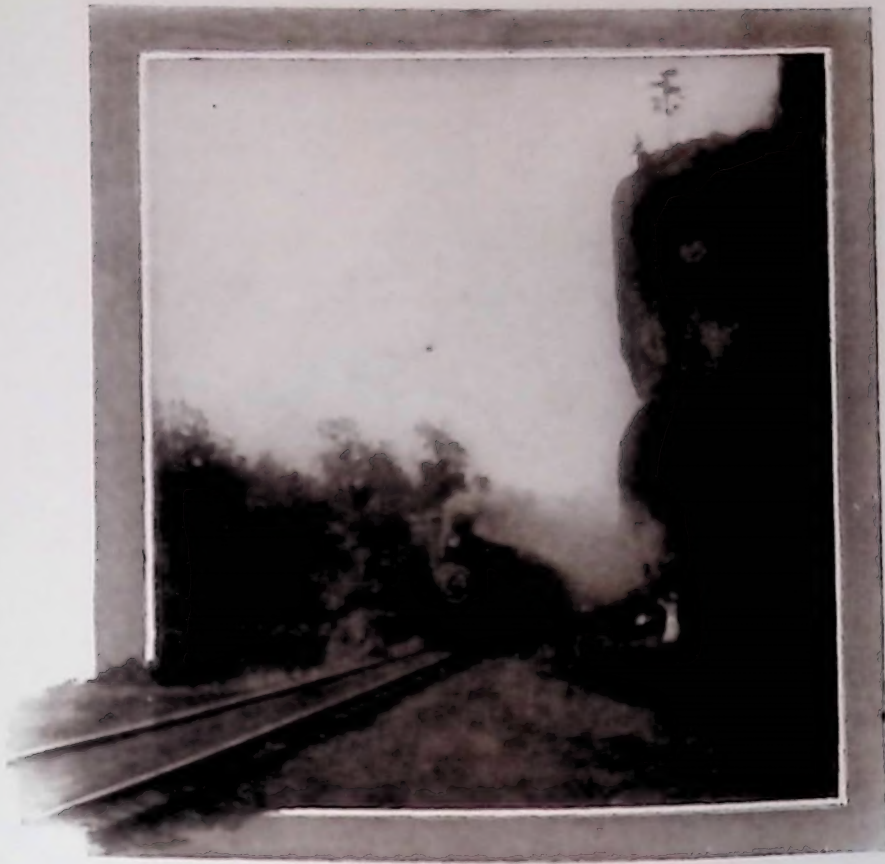
Old quilt, you're quite out o' fashion,
 There's nothin' you feel er can see
But you always 'pear 'most like a human,
 An' a dear friend you ever will be.
Much more could be told o' the beauty
 Of these patches we ever shall prize,
Though perhaps they might appear worthless
 If viewed through another one's eyes.

JUST A MATTER OF TASTE

"THERE'S no accounting for taste," so said
Joe Addison, years ago,
And experience proves the truth thereof
And 't is well that this is so.

Said one old buck to another one day,
As he quoted Addison's saw,
"If every young Injun had felt like me
Each one would have wanted my squaw."

"T is well for your squaw," the other replied,
As he braced himself 'gainst a ladder,
"That every buck's taste is not like mine;
If so, no one would have had 'er."



GONSTANCY

DEAR heart, though absent from thy side,
Thine image lost from view,
Because thy presence be denied
Dost think my heart less true?

Ah, no! a love that cannot live
When other friends be nigh
Is not the love that I would give;
'T would never satisfy.

CONSTANCY

Deeply I've drunk of Sorrow's cup,
And rocky paths have trod,
The cruel thorns have pierced my flesh
And tried my faith in God.

Thy shoulders fair, Fate did not spare,
Thou, too, hast felt the blow,
But grief enables us to share
Each other's pain and woe.

The rocky way, the stormy sea,
Have served to draw us nearer
Each to the other, and to me
Thy sorrow makes thee dearer.

Love that is born of Gaiety
And Mirth, may soon decay,
But that conceived in Sorrow's night
Will live through endless day.

So, loving, trusting, let us wait,
Assured that time will tell
The triumph of our faith in Him
Who doeth all things well.